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Recitations and Poems

GEORGE HADDON ROWLES.

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RECITATIONS

AND

POEMS



56372-Z'

BY GEORGE HADDON ROWLES.

NEW CASTLE, PA.
1894.

[Handwritten signature]

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BY G. H. ROWLES.

TO MY SISTER,
MRS. EMMA ROWLES-FORKUM,
IS THIS LITTLE VOLUME LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

WARNOCK BROTHERS, PRINTERS,
NEW CASTLE, PA.

PREFACE.

THE pieces contained in the first part of this volume were written especially for recitation.

While they are in verse, not much *poetic* merit is claimed for some of them, but especial care has been taken to make them suitable for reciting.

For the poems I have no apology to offer.

G. H. R.

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RECITATIONS.

MY SOLDIER LOVER.

This recitation was written to be used with an assistant at the piano or violin. At the beginning of the fifth verse the "Rustic Reel" is commenced very softly, and is played to the second line of the eleventh verse, rising louder as the "call" is given. In eleventh and twelfth verses an imitation of the beat of the drum is played; thirteenth and fourteenth the "Dead March," and at the end of the fourteenth, "Nearer My God to Thee" is commenced and played to the last verse.

The roar of the battle has passed away with its horrible
wail and groan,

And sweet night tearfully seeks, in vain, to silence its
last low moan.

While the brave boys harken, with sorrowful hearts, to
the tones of the wailing wind,

And sigh for the tender and loving ones that were left
on the field behind.

'Mongst those that await in the old farm-house till the
peaceful night is over,

The noblest form of a valorous band is the form of my
soldier lover.

Sad and thoughtful his valiant brow as he sighs for the
true hearts gone.

Stern and thoughtful his fearless brow as he thinks of
the morrow's dawn.

O, cruel, cruel and ruthless War, what griefs fall from
thy wing!

What tears of blood, what hopeless souls! what sorrow-
ing thou dost bring!

O, starry banner, what worship and love from true hearts
thou dost call!

What lives are freely and gladly given that thou mayst
never fall!

The farmer maids in the old farm-house, behold with
admiring eye
The few brave forms assembled here while the night is
passing by.
But there's only one whose loving smile my burning soul
• can move
To heights of joy. 'Tis the tender smile of my valiant
soldier love.

And the drear night winds, with a woeful dirge, speak
for their bursting hearts.
But listen ! There comes a merry strain. Each musing
soldier starts
As the farmer lad on a fiddle rude begins an old-time
dance.
But say ! Whence comes that magic power those stern
hearts to entrance ?

In breathless silence they listen. Ah, yes, they have
heard that air before,
When they went with their loves to the merry dance,
ere came this cruel war.
But all those sweet-hearts are far away, save the love
of *my* soldier true,
And the music brings back those tender scenes to the
sorrowing boys in blue.

And still they listen and still the tone of the merry
fiddle is heard,
Till the trance is broken ; then up they start and cry
with one accord :
"Away with the memories of to-day ! Away with the
thoughts of war !
We'll dance to-night with a merry step with nothing
our joys to mar."

“Places all!” And the blushing maids to the floor are
quickly led.
“Salute your partners! Eight hands round!” Hark
to the merry tread.
“Balance all!” is the happy call. “Alamond left!”
and “Swing
Half way round!” to the merry sound, while the echoes
wildly ring.

All thoughts of war forgotten are and the old house
rings with pleasure,
And the rustic maids gaze shyly up as they tread the
joyful measure,
With a sweet regard for each tender word, while from
the throbbing strings
The merriest tune that ever was heard for a rustic reel
still rings.

“Partners swing!” What raptures spring to my heart
as my soldier love
Tenderly clasps me to his breast as round and round we
move.
And on the brow of the soldiers now, no care we can
discover,
And the lightest step in the jovial dance is the step of
my graceful lover.

And the tune still rings from the throbbing strings, and
the step falls free and light
To the merry call. But see! What makes those faces
turn so white?
The strain is stopped and the dance is still. But listen!
What means that sound?
’Tis the roll of the drums and the rattle of guns. ’Tis
the enemy gathering round.

O, soldiers, flee ! for the foe is here. Fly quickly for love and for life.

But no, they mutter : "For God and right !" and arm for the nearing strife.

With an echoing shout for the starry flag they dash through the farm-house door.

They have vanished from view. And rumbles loud the battle's terrible roar.

The old farm-house is desolate now, and my heart is full of fear.

And the trembling maids are mute, while moans come low to each listening ear.

And my soldier brave has gone, has gone where dangers round him hover.

Come back ! for my soul is filled with dread. My lover, O my lover !

Now the terrible roar has fainter grown. It has almost passed away.

But where is my lover, noble and brave ? Will he come to me ? Oh, say,

My heart is heavy, but when he comes my soul will be light and free.

But hark ! A step and a solemn strain ! My love is returning to me.

The door is opened. He comes ! he comes ! And the music grows soft and low.

He is coming—but, God, they are *bearing* him in with a silent step and slow.

Is he dying ? "Oh, no, not dying," they said, while his pale brow I uncover.

"Not dying," they said, "not dying," but *dead* ? Oh, God, my martyr lover !

So lately he stepped to the jovial dance with the lightest
and merriest tread.

Lay his cold form tenderly down, for now he is dead.

My lover is dead !

And the merry air, that so lately rang through the room
has changed to one

That sounds a requiem for my dead, in a low and
mournful tone.

O, cruel, cruel, accursed War ! Thou hast taken my love
away,

And left me nothing to soothe my soul but a soulless
piece of clay.

And the night winds wail with a woeful dirge and the
night and the war pass over ;

But stricken and sorrowful now I sit by my pale and
silent lover.

THE OLD SINGING SCHOOL.

Well I remember the singing school,
 In the little old church upon the hill.
Those sweet songs linger around my heart ;
 Those merry scenes ; I can see them still.
Here's where the master stood, so stern,
 With towering form and haughty mien.
Here was the tenor ; there the bass ;
 Soprano and alto sat between.

“ Page forty-one,” the master would call,
 And then a rustle of leaves was heard,
As quickly we'd turn to the merry tune,
 And wait impatiently for the word.
Out of his pocket the pitch-fork came ;
 First to his mouth ; then to his ear.
“ La, ti, do, sol, me, do, do, sol, do.”
 And his tremulous voice rang loud and clear.
“ Attention all ! Down, left, right, up.
 Now listen ! One, two, ready, sing ! ”
And how the music would rise and ring !
Soprano and alto, tenor and bass,
Every part in its proper place.
Soprano would rise and soar around,
And the bass roll down to the depths of sound.
The tenor would swell so high and clear,
While the alto softly struck the ear.
To the master's hand with its steady swing,
Oh, how the music would rise and ring !

Many a lad, with a longing look,
Glanced shyly over his singing book
At some fair maiden, who would return
The look ; and his heart and face would burn
With his bashful love, till he lost the place,
And the master frowned at the tenor or bass.
“Seventy-four ! hush ! La, ti, do, sol.
Down, up, one, sing !” How the music did roll !

And when it was over the rustic lads
Would anxiously stand by the door and wait.
And when the lassies came tripping along,
In fear and trembling determine their fate.
So nervous with waiting they scarce could speak,
When the time and the maiden so shy, had come,
But bashfully stammered with blushing face
And extended arm : “May I see you home ?”

Yes, well I remember the singing school,
In the little old church upon the hill.
Those sweet songs linger around my heart ;
Those merry scenes ; I can see them still.
Never again shall we gather there,
But perhaps some day I may hear the sound
Of that merry music in other worlds,
With the master and scholars gathered round.

MY JUST CRIME.

I've just awakened from a peaceful sleep ;
A restful slumber, such as I enjoyed,
When, weary with the pleasant sports of youth,
I lay my head upon my mother's breast.
Yes, 'twas a peaceful sleep, and by God's throne,
I would that I had ne'er awaked on earth !
An awful memory begins to dawn
Upon my brain. A memory that fills
My tortured soul with deathless agony.
And as I gaze upon these dark, damp walls
That rise around me like the gloom of hell,
My maddened mind recalls, ah, pitying gods !
The scenes that rack my soul with hellish pains.

I've slept in peace ; but when awake, my soul
Is so afraid within this gloomy cell.
For often times I see a demon's face
Glare at me from the ceiling or the walls.
And oftentimes I hear such mournful moans,
That fill me full of terror. Hush, look there !
It's glaring from the ceiling ! there ; it's gone !
Oh, why am I confined within this hell,
'Mongst maddening demons ? Mine was not a crime.
'Tis true my hand was stained with human blood,
But he had slain my child. O God, my child !
Ye torturing demons, harken while I tell
A weary, mournful tale ; and then depart
And leave me here in peace. I shed his blood,
But he had slain my child, my little Claire.

'Twas when the winter's wrath had passed away,
And beauteous spring was robed in gayest gowns,
That I in rapture by the altar stood
And wed the tender one my soul adored.
But ah, the season of our joy was brief ;
For soon she left her love for brighter realms.
Yet one sweet token of her love remained;
A little form that grew about my soul
Until of life it formed the sweetest part.
For in her face, so beautiful, there shone
A wondrous likeness to the face so fair,
That I had worshiped with an endless love.
Years passed away, and with a tender care
I guarded that sweet child, until she grew
Into a maid as pure as summer morn.
And each new year that lay upon her brow
Gave fairer beauties far than did the last,
And left upon that radiant face a look
More like the image pictured on my heart.
And how I loved that sweet and trusting child !
She was my life, my very soul, and how
I worshipped her forgetful of my God
Until she fell by an accursed hand !

One evil day a smiling stranger came
Into our home, and with his softened words
He won a tender place within our hearts,
And soon the trusting love of little Claire.
Ah, evil day that brought him to our door !
He won her love, and counting it as naught,
Beneath the robes of piety betrayed
Her trusting innocence, and foully cast
Her purity 'neath his accursed tread.
With bleeding heart, and brow the hue of death,
One wretched eve she told to me her shame.

I heard her tale, and when my burning brain
Could realize that she in whom my soul
Had fondly placed its trust and fervent love
Was fallen ; Fallen ! then my brain grew wild.
I raised my hand and by the throne of God,
I cursed my child and him who her betrayed.
I cursed her ! God, I cursed my helpless child !
And heeded not her prayers so pitiful.
My pride, my burning love had made me mad.
I knew not what I did. I drove her forth.
I cursed her ; God, and drove her from my door.

She went ; and oh, the anguish on her brow,
As with one last imploring glance she turned
To look for mercy, and no mercy found.
Then took her way out in the starless night.
I drove her forth ! And all that weary night
I raved, and cursed the one my soul adored.
But when the morning came and reason dawned
Once more upon my brain, my ardent love
Returned in thrice it's former power. Then
I hastened forth to seek my erring child.
I sought her, and the spirits led my steps
Down by a stream that flows beneath the hill ;
And there I found my child. Upon her brow
There rested still that wild, imploring look,
That I had marked when with a passion wild,
I cursed her shame and drove her from my door.
But there she lay upon the glistening sand,
The water gently flowing o'er her breast,
As though to cleanse her soul from all its shame.
The one whom I had cursed. The one I loved,
Lay there before me pale and still and cold.
I drove her forth ! God ! Drove her forth to die !

And as I gazed upon her silent form,
My soul was filled with such a burning wrath
Against the stranger who had her beguiled,
That by the gods of heaven and fiends of hell,
I swore to neither eat nor sleep nor rest
By night or day, until I drank his blood.
My oath was heard in heaven, and I began
My restless search. The fates were kind, and soon
I found him slumbering 'neath a spreading tree ;
For 'twas a sultry, summer afternoon.
I grasped my knife and slowly crept along
Until I stood beside his upturned breast.
Gods, how I longed to thrust the flashing blade
Deep into his accursed heart, as there
He lay unmindful of his awful doom !
But oh, I could not, for my hand had ne'er
Been stained with human blood, nor taken e'en
The life of any creature wantonly.
Forgetful of my oath I turned to go.
He stirred ! He woke ! He sprang upon his feet !
First looked around in fear, then turned on me
A look so taunting and so full of scorn
That all the demons in my soul cried out
For vengeance on the slayer of my child.
I sprang upon him ; and my burning soul
Was filled with such a wild, relentless wrath
I knew not what I did. He quaked in fear,
And, as I raised my glittering blade on high,
I heard the prayer for vengeance from my child.
His scornful look was turned to one of dread.
I heeded not his prayers ; but with the power
Of all the fiends of hell, I drove the blade
Right through the core of his accursed heart.
He fell, he fell ! The red blood spurted forth.
I shed his blood, but he had slain my child ;
My little Claire.

Oh, it was not a crime,
But they have shut me in this gloomy cell,
Where demons glare upon me from the walls,
And fill me full of terror. There they come !
Stand back ! begone ! And leave me here in peace.
Back, back ! I say. Oh, 'tis so gloomy here
With naught but demons and the memory
Of that sweet child, I drove away to death,
And him whose crimson blood has stained my soul.
But when I sleep I dream such pleasant dreams.
Oh, would that I could sleep in peace for aye,
And ne'er awake to see the flowing blood
Of him who slew my child. Oh, God, my child !

I TOLD YOU SO.

Down in the midst of a verdant vale, on the shore of a
rippling stream,
There stood a modest and pleasant cot, beneath the
sun's soft gleam.
'Twas there I dwelled for a score of years, and toiled
from day to day,
And with the aid of a faithful wife, grim want was
kept away.

We lived alone; for no little one was given to cheer
our lot,
And if we ever quarreled then, the strife was soon
forgot,
For we lived in peace with ourselves and God and many
a year passed by,
Ere the faintest shade of a cloud of grief rolled over our
sunny sky.

But she had a failing, as women have, of pretending
that she had known
That everything was going to be, as soon as it had
been done.
And when I said it was going to rain and instead it
would happen to snow,
She looked at me with a knowing smile and said: "I
told you so."

'Twas very seldom 'twas said at first, or else I failed to
hear,
For you know when a fellow is fresh in love his senses
act so queer.
And I didn't mind when a half-score years of our love
had passed away,
Her saying to me, when the Jersey died, "I knew she
would die someday."

But year by year her failing grew as only evils grow,
And never a day of life passed by but what she "told
me so."
And when I hobbled in one day aleaning upon a stick,
She cried, "Why, what's the matter, John? I knew
that mule would kick."

Then I told her none too gently, how her fault had vexed
me so.
"What! Tired of me already? I told you so, you know,
Ere we were wed," she sadly said, and it vexed my
heart so sore
That I almost feared my love for her was lost forever
more.

One dreary, rainy day in June, I took my troubled way
To my accustomed place of toil to spend a weary day.
In surly mood I left my home as oft I had done before,
And left a sad and wretched wife to dream her sorrows
o'er.

And as I pondered that drear day upon my altered home,
And wondered where my joys had gone and whence my
sorrows come,
The book of the Past was opened wide. I glanced its
pages o'er,
And my penitent heart saw clear and plain as it never
had seen before.

I hastened home when my toil was done, determined
again to find
The comfort and peace that had left our door, when
entered the grief of mind.
The rain still poured from the low'ring clouds and the
stream was tossed in foam,
And I wondered if she were waiting for me I had left in
a dreary home.

I hastened along by the raging stream as oft I had done
before,
But suddenly paused. For I caught the sound of a dis-
tant, ominous roar.
I listened a moment ; my heart stood still with a cold
and deathly dread.
For the dam had broke, and the faintest hope in my
shivering bosom fled.

Nearer and nearer the sound came on, till, like an evil
dream,
A mountain wave with a mighty rush came bellowing
down the stream.
And riding upon its raging crest, bedimmed by the
spray and foam,
I saw the wreck of a modest cot that had been my pleas-
ant home.

Oh, when the trials of life are sore, were it not for a
hidden power,
The bleeding spirit would leave its clay in that sad
and awful hour.
With frozen heart I wandered on as one who walks in
sleep,
'Till I saw in the place of wife and home, a torrent wild
and deep.

And as the thoughts of regret and grief were tearing
my heart strings so,
The book of the Past was opened wide and I read the
long ago.
'Twas a merry tale of a careless youth and a maid as
pure as morn,
With never a thought of a coming day of peace and
hope forlorn.

It seemed to me such a little time since first my eyes
beheld
The tender form of a lovely maid, and how my heart
had swelled
And burned with a feeling so sweet and strange I never
had known before,
And it seemed I was walking the golden streets, with
an angel hov'ring o'er.

How the time passed by as I won the love of that tender,
trusting heart !
And each soft look of trust and love would sweetest of
joys impart.
And one blest eve in the balmy June, beneath the soft
moon shine,
In tend'rest tones she told my heart her love forever was
mine.

Oh, then as I clasped close to my heart that clinging,
fluttering form,
And felt entwining about my neck her arms so soft and
warm,
As I kissed those lips as her head bent low and gazed in
her lovelit eyes,
The skies drew near, and my soul leaped far into realms
of paradise.

The time seemed short as it had been sweet till I took
my love away
To the pleasant cottage beside the stream that chattered
so free and gay.
And the birds made music among the boughs and the
flowers in beauty glowed,
And it seemed that ever our home would be a blessed
and bright abode.

Oh, is it a hideous, hollow dream that's racking my
weary brain?
And isn't my home beside the stream with a sweet face
at the pane?
My God, 'tis true! My home has gone on the breast of
the raging wave,
And my wife, my sweet and tender love, lies low in a
damp, cold grave.

Accursed stream, with thy fiendish roar! Give back
my love to me.
She is cold and wet in thy hard embrace; she has no love
for thee.
In these rough arms she is want to lie, on this warm
bosom sleep.
Thou hast hidden my love from my longing soul in a
grave so dark and deep.

Come back, come back to my yearning heart! till my sins
are all forgiven,
And while my life on the earth shall last I'll live for you
and heaven.
Come back! come back! for the world is dark when my
love has gone away!
But hark! "O John, the house is gone! I knew it
would go some day!"

And there was my wife who had just returned from a
friendly call, and seen
The roaring torrent deep and wide where our modest
home had been.
And we vowed that the strife our hearts had known
should follow our ruined home.
And the only blossom our hearts now bear is love's sweet
scented bloom.

THE TRAVELER'S STORY.

The night was dark and dreary; and the wind, with
mournful moan,
Swept through the trees. I hastened on, a stranger
and alone,
Seeking a place to rest my head, no shelter seeming
nigh,
When suddenly I faintly heard a wild, despairing cry.

I paused in mute astonishment; but for a moment heard
Naught but the bare trees wailing as the wind their
branches stirred.

I listened. Then it came again. 'Twas not a wild
beast's yelp.

My blood run cold as I heard the cry, "I'm dying!
Murder! Help!"

I hastened toward the sound and soon I saw a ray of
light.

And then an old log school house dimly came upon my
sight.

I hurried up beside it, softly listening at the door,
And heard within an awful thing that chilled my
bosom's core.

Hush! hear that harsh and cruel voice, "Don't struggle;
you are fast.

I long have sought and sworn to kill you, now you'r
mine at last."

And listen to that pleading voice; it is a woman's
prayer.

"Have mercy, mercy! Oh, I pray, and spare my life.
Oh, spare!"

“Talk not of mercy ; I’ll give you none ; ’tis vain to
plead or cry.

I’ll have revenge. When I count three, then you shall
surely die.”

My limbs are helpless ; I cannot move as I trembling
hear it all.

Hush ! “One, two, three,” a pistol shot, a groan, and
a heavy fall.

Then all was still. I dragged myself to a chink where
the light shone through,

Dreading to see the gory sight my eyes would surely
view.

Weak and trembling I looked, and saw--What did I see,
you say ?

Why only a local opera troupe rehearsing a tragic play.

BESS, THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Oh, joyfully the marriage bells chime through the summer night,
And careless faces glow beneath the candle's golden light ;
And fairest' flowers shed abroad their odors rich and rare,
As merrily the music chimes its soft and mellow air.

'Mongst all the forms that harken unto beauty's tender call,
Here shines from out a wreath of gold, the fairest face of all.
And looks of fondest love shine out from eyes of softest blue,
And smiles of joy reflect a soul as pure as falling snow.

Well may sweet Bess be happy, and well may her heart be light !
The noblest of the village youths she is to wed to-night.
She, little Bess, the motherless, whose life has all been sadness,
To wed young Claude ; why, 'tis enough to fill her heart with gladness.

Young Claude Belore, so nobly good ; so gallant and so true ;
Whose love came like a golden gleam, and shining through and through
The midnight darkness of her life, made all as fair as day.
No wonder Bess, the motherless, is happy now and gay.

But listen ! now the wedding march swells softly on the
air.

And see the eager, sparkling eyes turned quickly toward
the stair

Where shall be seen the gallant youth in all his noble
pride,

Descend and at the altar stand, to take his trembling
bride.

How eagerly the wedding guests within the bridal hall,
Await their coming. Hark ! they hear a footstep's
gentle fall.

They come ! they come ! And toward the altar trend
the joyful pair,

While merrily the wedding march chimes forth its
gayest air.

And soon the black-robed minister has said in solemn
tone,

Those words of sweetness, heaven-born, that join two
souls in one.

And when 'tis over, brighter still joy shines from
sparkling eyes,

And softer music rings until it seems a paradise.

* * * * *

How fast the years have rolled around ! How swift the
seasons sped !

Years, many years have passed away since little Bess
was wed.

That happy day has gone for aye. The wedding march
is o'er.

That loving heart, then full of joy, is bleeding now and
sore.

Come, follow me into a home this dark and bitter night.
For through the dark and angry clouds shines not one
ray of light.
Now, see within that wretched form with eyes so bleared
and wild,
And mark the shivering woman there, and look upon
the child !

But now a chord of music comes. That soft and mourn-
ful strain
Seems coming from the raging storm that beats against
the pane.
In pleading tones speaks forth a heart that sin has
sought to crush ;
It is the voice of little Bess so softly pleading ; Hush !
(“ Don’t go out to-night, my darling,” etc.)

Ah, yes, that blear-eyed form is he to whom her heart
was wed.
But now his soul is black with sin ; his noble pride is
dead.
A demon dwells within his soul, so filthy and defiled.
He heedeth not his pleading wife nor little Pearl, the
child.

Out in the dreary, dreary night that wretched form has
gone,
And in their tears and sorrow left his wife and child
alone.
And Bess, while bitter tears fall fast upon each golden
curl,
Holds tightly to her burning heart the form of little
Pearl.

And long she sits there weeping, till she can no longer
weep,
And then unto her bleeding heart there comes a troubled
sleep.
And little Pearl, grown weary, waiting for a step to
come,
Starts trembling through the dreary night, to bring her
father home.

The black walls of the "Eagle's Nest," that vile
abode of sin
Where souls are made more fit for hell, resound the
mirth and din
Of bloated forms assembled, while the coarse jest passes
round.
And brutal oaths and drunken laughter through the
room resound.

But in the midst of mirth and din, they pause in awe ;
for see,
A little child walks slowly in. And hushed is the noisy
spree,
As in a trembling, pleading tone she speaks her father's
name,
And looks up in a blushing face, so full of guilt and
shame.

Ah, e'en the demon in his soul could not resist that look,
And toward the door, with little Pearl, his tot'ring way
he took.
A mocking laugh fell on his ear, and lips with filth
defiled,
In taunting tones and shameless speech, defamed his
little child.

With burning heart and maddened brain he turned, and
quickly aimed
A mighty blow at him whose tongue her innocence
defamed.
But look! the little child springs forth as though to
stay the blow!
And God, the heavy fist falls full upon her tender brow!

* * * * *

Within the gloomy home of Bess, this dark and dreary
night,
Where once was joy and love, is seen a sad and woeful
sight.
Two stricken forms bend o'er a couch, while soft the
winds are sighing,
To catch the last fond look of love; for little Pearl is
dying.

How pale her brow! How low her breath comes to each
list'ning ear!
Her breast scarce heaves. Ah, weeping ones, grim
death is very near.
But stay! Her blue eyes open wide! Push back that
golden curl.
Be silent! See her moving lips! Hush! hark to little
Pearl.
("I'm going home, no more to roam," etc.)

The lips are still. The song has ceased. The echoes
all are fled.
That snowy breast has ceased to beat, and little Pearl is
dead.
Oh, weep for him whose sins accurst have ruined home
and life.
And mourn for that torn, bleeding soul; for Bess, the
drunkard's wife.

HOW PATRICK WON THE PRIZE.

The lines beginning with song, "Diddle-de-um," etc., are filled out in imitation of the sound of a saw.

The story-telling club, where deeds are told of sin and
glory,
Put up a prize one evening for the biggest truthful story.
And Patrick, humbly listening until the rest were done,
Said, "Sure an' Oi've got a shtory that will bate thim
iv'ry one.

"It came aboot lasht shpring a year. 'Twas whin meself
an' Bones,
(Bones he's a woolly naygur) cut wood for Mister Jones.
We'd dliropped a moighty big tree upon a shlopin' hill,
An' Bones an' me we sot to worruk to saw it, wid a will.

"Bones he had the lower side, an' always whin he'd
worruk
He'd be a singin', while the ould saw shlid through wid
a jerrk.

'Diddle-de-um-de-i-de-o. _____
Diddle-de-um-de-i-de-o.' _____

"'Be keerful, me bye,' I tould him whin his song
machine was shstill,
'Whin the log comes off she'll maybe shstart arollin'
down the hill,'
But, 'Diddle-de-um-de-i-de-o. _____
Diddle-de-um-de-i-de-o.' _____ Crash!!

“ Shplit, crash ! an’ a shplinter came an’ shtruck me in the oye.

An’ whin Oi pulled him out an’ looked, no log nor Bones was noigh.

The log had rolled way down the hill, but the naygur could not be found,

Till Oi saw the top of a naygur-head squoze away down in the ground.

“ Divil a bit but the naygur-head, an’ Oi took my peck, ye know,

To dig it out an’ see if the naygur was hangin’ on below.

‘ Big black naygur head in the ground. Dig him out, dig him out ! hah !

Rest of the naygur he can’t be found. Dig him out, dig him out. hah !’

“ Oi dug it out. There was nothin’ there but the naygur head ; that’s so.

You think that maybe the body had gone wid the sowl on down below ?

Oi thought so naythur an’ looked around, athinkin’ Oi moight see

A body an’ legs. An’ there they lay, back of a big shtraight tree.

“ Oi picked up the naygur head an’ tossed it over beside the tree.

Oi thought the remains of the naygur ought to be close together, ye see.

An’ the quarest thing did happen. It’s thrue as Oi hope for grace.

That bloody naygur got up an’ walked, wid his head in its proper place.

“ Oi wasn’t dramin’. He came an’ took the saw an’
begun to worrk,
Singin’ as though there had nothin’ occurred as he shlid
her through wid a jerrk.

‘ Diddle-de-um-de-i-de-o. _____ _____
Diddle-de-um-de-i-de-o. _____ _____, ”

The story was ended ; the club cried out : “ You’ve won
if you prove its true.”

“ It’s provin’ yez’re afther,” said Pat. “ Begorra, that
same Oi can asily do.

To lay down an’ rest behind the tree, the lazy naygur
had gone.

An’ what of the naygur head ? Och, begorra ! ’Twas a
big round naygur-head stone.”

•

THE LILAC'S MEMORIES.

A talkin' of the posies, a growin' round the yard ;
There ain't a posy growin' that I don't jest regard
With a sorter tender feelin', fur I love 'em all, ye see.
But the sweet, old-fashioned lilac is 'specially fur me.

Many a purtier posy ; yes. Sweeter ; yes agin,
But they can't tech my feelin's like the sweet old lilac
kin.

Why jest a sprig of blossoms; jest one sweet-scented spray
To tell me all its mem'ries would take a summer day.

Some of 'em would be funny, an' make me sorter glad ;
Some of the lilac's stories. An' some 'ud make me sad.
To me it is the sweetest that grows out of the ground.
Ah, no, I don't git lonesome when there's any lilacs round.

A bush of them was growin' jest beside the door.
The form that used to tend 'em, I don't see no more.
But it sorter sets me laughin', recallin' long ago,
One night I hid there, listenin' to sister and her beau.

Was too wee a codger to know it wasn't right,
And counted all the kisses—most all, perhaps not quite,
Till sister said : “ No more, sir. How many have I
given ? ”

And 'fore I thought I hollered : “ That there'n makes
eleven.”

You oughter seen them jumpin' ; an' war'nt sister mad ?
Next day when father heard it, 'twas me felt ruther sad.
One of them same branches was the cause of all my
gloom.

But sister's gone. The lilacs now bend above her tomb.

They tell another story. When more of life was gone
I got into some trouble an' left fur parts unknown.
An' didn't write a scribble fur two long years, an' then
Back toward home I started to see my mother again.

'Twas the time o' year fur lilacs the night I reached my
home,
An' the bush that stood by the doorway was heavy lade
with bloom.
Had n't tole her I was comin', to see how s'prised she'd
be,
An hid behind the lilacs to see what I could see.

That old bush smelt far sweeter than ever it had be-
fore,
When I saw that form, so feeble, as I glanced thro' the
open door.
Her brow was deeply furrowed with sorrow an' toil an'
pain.
"An' look at the tears," I muttered. "She's singin' a
soft refrain.

"She looks as tho' some sorrow her soul was tryin' to
crush.
Has she thought of her boy? I wonder. What song is
she murmuring? Hush!"

("Where is my wandering boy to-night?" etc.)

"Oh, mother, mother," I shouted, an' sprung inside the
door
An' throwed my arms around her an' waited to hear no
more.

You oughter seen the teardrops run down that furrowed
cheek.
Why, it was 'most a minit 'fore either of us could speak.

An' then—oh, pshaw ! they bother my eyes to think of it
yet.

But the smell of them old lilacs that night, I'll not forget.

That dear old form soon started to her eternal home.
But ev'ry spring, some mornin', soon as the lilacs bloom,
I've laid the sweetest bunches of them beside the door
Upon her grave, so silent, an' will till life is o'er.

So talkin' of the posies, a bloomin' round the yard,
'There ain't no posy growin' that I don't jest regard
With a sorter tender feeling', fur I love 'em all, you
see.

But the sweet, old fashioned lilac is specially fur me.

HOW ME AN' SAL ELOPED.

We'd begged an' begged an' pleaded fur to git her pa's
consent,

But he was sot agin it, an' he never would relent.
So at last we jest decided that it was no use to hope,
An' laid our plans, some moonless night to silently
elope.

I allus was opposed to sech ; so was my sweetheart, Sal.
But ye see, when a feller's dead in love, he's bound to
have his gal

E'en though old "split-hoof" should oppose instead of a
stubborn dad.

An' nothing but walls of stone ken keep a lass from her
lover lad.

Well, the night arriv', an' with flutterin' heart I crept,
when all was still,

Out of my room and down the stairs ; then over acrost
the hill,

Snuggly drest in my Sunday best ; with a nice little
speech all ready,

So when I stood 'neath her winder sill I could whisper it
to my lady.

An' wasn't it dark ? whew ! Egypt's darkness wasn't to
be compared.

You never seed sech a dark old night ; but then I wasn't
scared

Till I reached her house an' thought of her dorg. Then
I begun to shake,

But I hoped that he was fast asleep, an' maybe he
wouldn't awake.

Well, I stood 'neath her winder an' whispered low, but
heard no answerin' sound.

"Hi Sal, Hist, Hist! Begosh," sez I, "She's furgot I
was comin' round.

Hi Sal, Hi Sal! wh, wh! Hist, Hist!" My bones was
beginnin' to shake;

For I's feared my sweetheart was fast asleep an' the
blamed old dorg awake.

"Hi Sal! wh, wh!" I whispered again an' then I
heard a sound.

But it wasn't her; it came from behind and was creepin'
along the ground.

An' didn't I shake and shiver then? I guess I did, fur
I knew

If it wasn't her dad 'twas the durned old dog; I's feared
he was hungry too.

But he didn't come any nearer just then, an' all was quiet
once more,

Till from Sal's winder I heard the sound of a bellerin' fe-
male snore.

"She's asleep," sez I. "I must waken her up fur that
is my only chance.

If I start to run that measly dorg will grab fur the seat
of my pants."

So I reached fur a pebble an' gently threw it again the
winder pane,

And the snore cut short with a horrible snort; I listened
a moment, and then,

I heard her movin' about the room; an' soon a voice
said low,

"Is it you, dear John? I fell asleep awaitin'; you was so
slow."

That made me mad ; but I calmly says, "Hurry up ! 'tis time we's gone."

"Just wait ;" says she; "What fur ?" says I. "Till I get my fixin's on."

"O pshaw!" says I, "Let your fixin's go. I'm afraid that something—O-u-u !

What's that ?" Fur I heard an awful growl ; 'twas comin' nearer too.

"Good dorg, old fellow !" I trembling said, I was too bad scared to howl.

"Be quick Sal ! yh, come here old dog !" He answered with a growl.

An' didn't I wish I had an ax to split his ugly snoot ?

"What is it, John ?" "Come here, old dog !" "Oh, you nasty brute !"

Whew ! wasn't I in a pickle then ; I'd stuck on an awful burr;

You see when I spoke to that measly dorg, she thought I was speakin' to her.

Then I tried my speech. "Sweet maiden fair, with voice like a golden flute,

And face like a—(Nice old dog)"—"Shut up ! You big insultin' brute."

I was all in a flutter, but hastened to say, "I-I meant no offense—(Old dog !)"—

"Shet up," says she, "or I'll call my pap an' he'll knock you flater'n a log."

"Just listen a moment sweet maïd, with eyes like the sky where the meteors shoot,

For I love no other—(Old dog !) like you !"—"Oh, you dirty brute !

I'll call my pa!" "No-no-no don't. Call off your dorg," says I.

Then I got rattled; "D-doll off your corg, and come and let us fly."

"You're drunk," says she, "No, no, but I'm skeered— (Dood gog)" I stammered, and then

She called fur her pa, an' like a flash I went flyin down the lane.

Well I got home, fur a fellow can run when fur life he has half a chance.

But the old dog got a terrible chunk of me an' my Sunday pants,

An' I soon got married, but not to her. I had more sense I'm hopin' ;

I married my wife in open day ; I'd had enough elopin'.

THE DYING BANDIT.

The day had spent its light ; and darkness fell
To hide the evil earth from heaven's view.
The gleaming stars were veiled by angry clouds,
That hung, like walls of blackness from the skies,
But now and then would open and let through
A flash of dazzling light ; then quickly close
As though to shut the wrathful skies from view
While loud they spoke, in awful tones, that made
The rocks and mountains tremble in their fear.
The torrent, dashing down the narrow gorge,
Would roar in wrath when paused the thunder's tones.
And through the groaning trees was heard the wind
As loud it shrieked and howled.

Among the rocks
Is seen a narrow pathway leading back
Beneath the mountain side. And far within
Is scarcely visible, a gleam of light.
Come, let us follow it and see who dwells
In solitude beneath the mountain slope.
On through the dark, damp way, while fainter grows
The roaring of the torrent and the storm,
Till soon is seen whence comes the gleaming light.
Within a chamber there beneath the rocks,
Is grouped a band of rough and wretched men
Around a couch, so rude and hard, where lays
The form of one more hardened than the rest,
Nigh unto death. For listen to his breath
As hard it comes in short and hurried gasps.
Ah, see ! that crimson spot upon his brow
So deeply marked by wretchedness and sin,

Tells why he lies so calm and quiet there.
And all those wretched forms in silence stand
Within the shimmering light ; while faint is heard
The smothered roar of waters washing down
The mountain side, and now and then the sound
Of thunder speaking forth in awful tones.

But look ! he rises ! now he stands erect.
His wild eyes glaring and his face so white,
Save where the crimson spot is on his brow.
So ghastly does he look as there he stands
Within the fading light, that those vile forms
Draw back in terror ; and they gaze in awe
Upon him, while in slow and solemn tones
He speaks as to the dead.

“ Why am I here ?

Where is that aged form with snowy locks,
That spoke with trembling voice and called me son ?
Ah, there she lies.” He cried, as through his brain
There rushed a vision of his early home.

“ Why does she lie so still and silent there ?

Hush ! listen ! they say she’s going to die.

Ah, see that snowy angel hov’ring o’er

The aged, feeble form ! Now see him stoop

As though to take her in his arms. But no,

The subtle cord’s not severed yet that binds

Her life to earth. Again he stoops, but hark !

Whence comes that strain of music, soft and sweet,

As when the angels touch their harps of gold ?

Nearer it comes and nearer yet. Oh see

The glorious light that fills the room, and hear

The voices of the angels ! There ! she’s gone.

The heavenly troup has carried her away.”

And as he stands and gazes toward the skies
Where dwells that aged form, a smile is seen
Upon his livid face ; and shuddering there,
His mates stand silent. Like the tones of death,
Is heard the river's smothered roar. But now
Another mem'ry fills his maddened brain.
" Be silent now," he whispers, " till they come.
Right here behind this rock we'll strike the blow.
They're coming. Listen ! Now be ready, quick !
Spare not a single life within the coach.
They see us. Look ! Be quick my men ! now out !
Draw forth the crimson blood from every heart.
Ha, see them fall ! Ha, ha ! their gold is ours.
Another ! There, once more !—Great God my head !
They've sent a bullet crashing through my brain."
And then again is seen that glaring look
As painfully he feels his crimson brow.

And as those wretched forms behold him there,
And listen to his memories of the past,
Within each heart there comes a thought of home
And loved ones it had known, long, long ago.
But soon those thoughts have vanished, and again
They gaze upon their leader's bleeding brow,
For reason's light is shining in his eyes,
And now in mystic, mournful tones he speaks.
" I thought I saw again my childhood home.
And I was there, a heedless, happy boy.
And with a brother and a sister fair,
I knelt beside a gentle mother's knee.
Ah, now that mother dwells beyond the skies,
Whence she was carried by an angel band.
That sister sleeps in silence 'neath the sod,
While tears of gratitude forever fall
Upon the daisies bending o'er her brow.
That brother, oh, a noble soul was he,

Gave up his life upon the battle field,
And softly sleeps within an honored grave.
Ah, pards, they died a noble, worthy death,
And angels smiled upon them in that hour.
But here is one, kind heaven pity him !
Who'll meet his Maker with a crimson heart.
They died an honored death ! But I, ah God !
Am dying with a curse upon my head.
Without a tear, despised and shunned by all,
Am dying, dying like the vilest worm."

A single moment then he stands erect.
The damp of death fast gathering on his brow.
Then with an awful groan his wretched form
Falls back upon its couch, its spirit gone
To dwell in torment for the sins of earth.
And silently those rough men gather round,
And cover o'er that lifeless mould of clay.
While faint the torrent on the mountain side,
Sounds solemnly the dirges of the lost.

POEMS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MISTS.

The sun in his glory was slowly descending,
Aweary with labor and toil never ending,
 As, burdened with grief and with heart aching sore,
I wandered alone by the shore of the river
Where oft I had roamed with a form that would never
Again view its waters, as restless, forever
 They rolled o'er the rocks with a musical roar.
For like the white mists that arise from the river,
 That form disappeared and I saw it no more.

The flowers of summer their sweetness were spilling
Upon the calm breezes, while music was filling
 My ears, from the stream flowing fast on its way.
In my soul there was strife; for a bright Hope was burning
And striving to vanquish my woe with its yearning ;
But useless it seemed, for my sorrows, returning,
 Poured into my soul and it seemed they would stay.
And the flame of my Hope flickered low in its burning,
 As though it were helplessly dying away.

And that dreamy eve, as I wearily wandered
Alone by the shore of the river, and pondered
 Upon the deep sorrows my sore heart had known,
I wondered if she had departed, and striven
To tell Him my Hope who abideth in heaven ;
I wondered aloud ; but no answer was given
 Till low on my ear fell a mystical moan.
I looked in amazement, and wondered if heaven
 Or hell had responded and uttered that groan.

A moment I looked, but my terrified vision
Beheld nothing there, and I laughed in derision,
 And murmured, " My mind is bewildered with woe."

But out where a billow was laughing and playing,
A white speck of foam on its breast was delaying.
And as I beheld it there, swinging and swaying,
 It ceased ; and I heard a groan, solemn and low.
And then it continued its laughing and playing
 As though it had ceased but to utter my woe.

I wondered in awe at a scene so surprising,
When lo ! the white speck from the river uprising,
 Responded again with a groan of despair.
Then growing still larger, that foam on the river
Rose higher, while I could but shudder and shiver,
Till it stood on the stream with a quake and a quiver
 Like a specter enshrouded in mists in its lair.
And it stood there in silence, save when it would quiver
 And utter a moan or a groan of despair.

I viewed in amazement the marvelous being
That only a moment succeeded in freeing
 My soul from the thoughts of its Hope and its woe.
For like the return of the tide of the ocean,
They rushed in my soul with their strife and commotion,
Till I thought that the one of my earthly devotion
 Must be with my Hope at the Throne, kneeling low.
But the form on the stream with mysterious motion,
 Replied with a groan and I knew 'twas not so.

“Then where is she now ? the fair form who departed
To carry my Hope into heaven. They started
 Together. I thought that together they'd go.
And where is my Hope ?” I proceeded, despairing,
“Now tell me, foul spirit, if they are not sharing
A blessed abode, and celestial robes wearing ?”
 With hopeless despair I besought him to know.
He uttered a groan that was wild and despairing,
 And lo, his pale arm slowly pointed below.

“Not so, thou foul spirit,” I cried in wild terror,
“She dwellest not there for soul never was fairer
Than was the white soul of the one who has flown.
No, she is not there, but my Hope—have they parted?
They left me together!” I cried, broken hearted,
“Where is she?” and slowly his spectral arm started
And pointed above to the heavenly throne.
And into my soul a bright gleam swiftly darted,
As though it were sent from the one who had flown.

“And has my lost Hope into realms yet arriven
Where reigneth the Ruler eternal of heaven?
I pray you give answer my fears to dispell.”
I waited with weary impatience; scarce daring
To gaze on the form on the river, for fearing
An evil response; but it stood there forbearing
To move; and once more I implored it to tell.
“My Hope has gone whither? foul spirit,” despairing
I cried. And his hand quickly pointed to *hell*.

And as I beheld that arm surely descending,
I felt the cold fingers my very soul rending,
And filling my heart with unfathom'ble woe.
And his groans with the roar of the river were blended,
As standing there still with a pale arm extended
To hell and to heaven, as though life were ended
He beckoned me whither my sad soul would go.
He stood there as though I had not comprehended
The darkness and depths of my infinite woe.

“To hell and to heaven!” I muttered, scarce knowing
The cause of the flood of despair that was flowing
Unceasing, resistless to burden my soul.
“And standing between is a soul, that is riven
As when a frail bark on a rock-reef is driven.

Beckoned to hell while 'tis beckoned to heaven ;
 Bearing the burdens that into it roll.
Caring not whither 'tis drawn or 'tis driven.
 Knowing not, caring not where is its goal."

And still that form stands every night on the billow,
With groans harsh and grating and moans soft and mellow
 From my Hope far below and my love upon high.
Each strives for my soul with an endless endeavor,
While those pointing arms on the stream beckon ever.
I see not and care not which cord I shall sever,
 Of hope or of love, when my body shall die.
For they're drawing my soul through the mists of the river
 To regions below and to realms in the sky.

AT MORNING'S DAWN.

The earth is filled with scenes of splendor rare
 At morning's dawn.
And dews are gleaming with a transient glare
 Upon the lawn.
The harp of nature sings in joyous strain,
And lisp'ing lips resound the soft refrain ;
And rays of hope shine through the balmy air
 At morning's dawn.

The splendors fade ; uncertain grows the sight
 When night comes on.
Fair Hope has vanished 'neath the veil of night,
 To wait the dawn.
And mournfully the dying music moans,
And sunken lips respond in trembling tones.
And there are wrinkled brows and locks so white,
 When night comes on.

MY LITTLE SAILOR LOVER.

Oh, when the dreamy autumn days
 Appear in mystic splendor,
And in the gentle zephyr sways
 The golden rod, so slender,
Then silent visions round my soul,
 Like seraphs softly hover.
And tend'rest memories extol
 My little sailor lover.

The ocean fumes, as though a fiend
 Rode on each raging billow.
Or, like an orchestra convened,
 Makes music, sweet and mellow.
But when the winds around me roar,
 And when the storms are over,
In vain I stand upon the shore
 And long to greet my lover.

Oh, pleasant were the autumn eves,
 When breezes softly blowing,
Swept from the boughs the golden leaves,
 Like angel's tresses glowing.
And like the rarest music, rose
 A voice of true devotion ;
As when the waves were in repose,
 We played upon the ocean.

The dreamy heavens drew so near
 We heard the seraphs singing ;
And on the crystal pavements clear,
 The cherubs' footsteps ringing.
The fragrant freshness of the sea
 Was sweet as scented clover.

And earth was paradise to me
When with my sailor lover.

But soon the cruel morning came
When parting vows were spoken.
My love was like a glowing flame,
When, for a tender token,
As heavily the path we trod,
With fervent, fond caresses,
He plucked a spray of goldenrod
To shine among my tresses.

The sails were spread. I could not stay
My passion's ceaseless burning.
He bade me wear the golden spray
To welcome his returning.
And when the distance dimmed the sail,
Oh, I could not but cover
My burning brow, and wildly wail
And mourn my sailor lover.

I've waited many a weary morn
My sailor love's returning.
I've waited long, with heart forlorn,
And still my soul is yearning.
My joys, like leaves of autumn, shone
A transient season only.
Then like the boughs, when they were flown
My soul was bare and lonely.

My hopes fade like the yellow spray
I wear in fond devotion.
My love is lost ; who sailed away
Across the cruel ocean.
Still silent memories of yore
Around my vision hover,
And wearily I walk the shore
And wait my sailor lover.

THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY.

On what are they shining ? Those sparkles of light
That glimmer and gleam through the darkness to-night.
Some in rare splendor ; and some through the dark,
Seem only a ray from the tiniest spark.
Countless as stars in the calm, summer sky,
Are those shimmering specks, as the even rolls by.

They shimmer and glimmer,

They shimmer and shine,

And in wonder I ask this sad spirit of mine :

Oh, where do they glimmer ? On what do they shine ?

Perchance some are shining from astrals of gold,
On scenes that are joyous, and fair to behold.
Shining in splendor in mansions sublime,
On faces untouched by the pencil of time.
Faces all glowing with innocent glee,
Telling of souls that from sorrow are free.

Glowing, nor knowing

A cross or a care.

Glowing with rapture so gladsome and rare ;
Ne'er feeling the burdens that lowly ones bear.

Some sparks faintly glimmer in hovels where sin
In its heaven-cursed vileness is dwelling within.
Shining on faces that only can tell
Of shame and dishonor, that fitted for hell.
Whose hearts are so hardened ; whose souls are so staired,
Their purest of pleasures will ne'er be regained.

Nearing, nor fearing

The horrors of hell,

Nor seeking the shadows of sin to dispell,
They follow the lost and in darkness shall dwell.

In yon stately mansion, where life is delight,
The sound of sweet music swells forth thro' the night.
The purest of perfumes their odors shed through
The chamber, which soon in rare beauty shall view
A youth and a maiden in innocent bow,
And speak in their gladness, a sweet, solemn vow :

Never— forever.

The words soar above
To the heavenly altar on wings like the dove.
Never to leave, and forever to love.

And soon shall the clink of the goblet resound
'Mongst the wooers of pleasure assembled around.
Ye pitying spirits, give warning, I pray
To the weak, trusting soul seeing naught but to-day.
The soul that knows not, ere the seasons have flown,
It may be a wanderer, weary and lone.

Weeping, nor sleeping

Nor knowing a rest.

Cursing the viper whose string pierced its breast.
Pleading for death, hoping then to be blest.

Once in a mansion, as stately and fair
As yon where the wines are so costly and rare,
I vowed at the altar to love and obey,
Of men the most handsome, most noble, most gay.
Yet now in the darkness I wander instead,
Seeking for shelter and begging for bread.

Sighing, and crying

With heart aching sore :

“Oh, hasten the time earth will see me no more ;
When my sin-wasted life will forever be o'er.”

And yet as I wearily roam through the night,
And wonder where shines every glimmering light,
A faint ray of hope dimly burns in my breast,
As I dream of a realm where the weary shall rest.

Where towering mansions surround a white throne,
Just beyond a thin veil, in the mystic unknown.

And I ponder, and wonder

If some distant day,

My spirit, when worn from its shackles of clay,
Shall view endless joys, 'neath a rare, deathless ray.

O LOVE, THE GOLDEN SUMMER'S GONE.

"O love, the golden summer's gone,

And dreary winter's drawing on

So cold, so wild.

And whither, whither can we go

Where never falls the freezing snow,

And summer breezes ever blow

All calm and mild.

"Oh love, my love, it lingered long—

The summer with its caroled song

And flowers fair.

And love was life and life was sweet,

For earth and heaven seemed to meet

Within our hearts, to gladly greet

A love so rare."

"Sweet heart, the dreary days will come,

And wintry winds may rage and fume,

And heats repine.

But still our hearts no storms will know,

And love within, though tempests blow,

All golden with the summer's glow

Shall ever shine."

I LOVED HER LONG AGO.

I stood beside a humble grave to-day,
And read upon the rudely chiseled stone,
The name of her, who, in her bed of clay,
In silence sleeps alone.

My soul was filled with sorrow, as I read
Those letters rude, and thought of her below,
For I had known her ere my youth had fled,
And loved her long ago.

My earliest dream of love, yet sweeter far
Than manhood's sterner passions e'er could know.
As summer's early roses sweeter are
Than they that later blow.

And as I gazed on that neglected spot
Where they my early idol low had lain,
My soul was filled with sadness, long forgot,
That racked it sore with pain.

Ah, we had fondly loved, but Destiny
With ruthless fingers tore our souls apart.
And healing balms, which then we did not see,
Were sent to sooth each heart.

Time, slow and weary, gently healed the wound ;
Forgotten was the one I used to know.
But then, I knew beside her grassy mound,
I loved her long ago.

However sweet the later love may seem,
And though our early passions we forget,
Still when we fondly muse on love's first dream,
It seems far sweeter yet.

And when 'tis done ; this life of toil and pain,
And I in joy receive the summons low,
I then shall see and love the one again
I loved so long ago.

ONE LITTLE FLOWER.

One little flower is blooming now,
Lingering there alone.
Sorrow is resting upon her brow,
For all the rest are gone.
Lingering there to light the gloom,
Silently shedding a sweet perfume,
While winter hovers around the tomb
Of the friends, that all are flown.

One little memory in my soul
Shines with a lustrous bloom.
And while the clouds of winter roll,
Lightens its dreary gloom.
All the blossoms of hope are gone,
All the flowers of love are flown ;
But one sweet memory blooms alone,
Over their early tomb.

MYRTLE MOORE.

Behold the desert, sweet and wild,
Where skies of summer softly smiled
On scenes of blissful solitude
As far as fallen man e'er viewed.
Here soft the fragrant zephyr blows ;
Here in the silent shadows, flows
A crystal stream ; whose endless lays
The breezes burden with their praise.
The thrush, in rapture from his tree,
Pours forth his notes of melody ;
The lily, robed in morning's rays,
Her splendors silently displays,
While odors, from her cup of snow,
Like soothing balm, incessant flow.
Oh, ne'er was trod by earthly feet,
A wilderness more wildly sweet.

A shepherd, crowned with silver locks,
Within this desert kept his flocks ;
And in this peaceful spot there played
In glad content, a shepherd maid.
So true of heart, so fair of face,
So full of nature's richest grace,
So innocent, so pure and mild,
Was Myrtle Moore, the shepherd's child.
Oft to this spot the summer came
And found it's splendors still the same,
As year by year in gladness there
The shepherd breathed the balmy air,
And watched and loved the sweetest child
On whom the summer ever smiled.

Another this abode had known,
So mild and calm, but when alone
Her spirit sought for realms more bright,
Her babe first viewed the morning light,
And each new morn would softly place
A mark of love on form or face.
Oh, with a worship firm and warm
The shepherd loved that tender form.

Years quickly sped, till she had grown
A maiden, fair as lilies blown.
Who loved the birds and bending trees,
The blooming flowers and fragrant breeze ;
Who loved to linger by the stream
And watch the glancing waters gleam ;
To dream upon the mossy rocks,
Or tend the shepherd's pensive flocks.

To this retreat, one sunny day,
A smiling stranger found his way ;
Of noble form and pleasing face,
An easy mien and winning grace ;
With words of luring eloquence,
He charmed those hearts of innocence.
With softened speech he asked to stay,
Till summer's heat had passed away.
They bade him stay, if seeking rest,
And he became their welcome guest.

And soon when morning's brightness shone,
Sweet Myrtle played no more alone.
When by the stream so softly flowing,
Or gathering flowers brightly glowing,
When caring for the shepherd's flocks,
Besides her stood, with luring looks ;

An artful form ; whose ardent words
Seemed sweeter than the songs of birds.
And in her gentle eyes there shone
The first sweet love her heart had known.

'Twas passing sweet, a season brief,
E're all her gladness turned to grief ;
As, musing by the murmuring stream,
She heeded not the morning's gleam.
Saw not the flowers or verdant trees,
Heard not the birds or sighing breeze ;
Forgot that form with silver locks,
Remembered not his straying flocks ;
But only saw, with artless eye,
The smiling stranger ever nigh,
And heard but mellow tones to move
Her trusting soul to ardent love.
'Twas passing sweet, a transient while,
To bask beneath that sunny smile.

But ah, no angel came to warn
The guileless maid one dreamy morn.
Her trusting heart beheld no trace
Of luring love in his embrace.
With tender touch, and words of love,
With empty vows he ceaseless strove
Until her helpless, yearning soul,
Benumbed with love, knew no control.
Her brow and snowy bosom showed
A blush of innocence, that glowed
While he, with passion unsuppressed,
Her rarest gem plucked from her breast.
When he unclasped her clinging arms,
And viewed her bosom's secret charms,
Upon its whiteness, virtue's flame
Glowed in a blush of modest shame.

And warmer far than e'er before,
Now burned the love of Myrtle Moore.

Condemn her not, ye firmer maid,
Who ne'er from virtue's path has strayed.
Her helpless soul had no defence
'Gainst trust, and love, and innocence.
Accursed who for worldly gain
Would fill a soul with endless pain !
Accursed who would spill the blood
Of mortal man in idle feud !
But thrice accursed who would wrest
The priceless pearl from one pure breast !

The summer passed, while stronger grew
The love he needed not to woo.
And soon the parting day had come,
When he should leave the shepherd's home.
He gave him gold ; and, to his child
Unmeaning promises, that filled
Her soul with longing, sweet and sad ;
Then went remorseless, tho' he had
Beguiled a soul and left it lie
To wither, fade away and die.

The seasons sped, till verdant spring
Came on the southwind's welcome wing.
But to the heart of Myrtle Moore
No healing balm of joy it bore ;
No tidings from the one who stole
Her loving heart, her trusting soul.
With spirit sore, from day to day
The shepherd watched her fade away.
As, when the lily longs for dew,
Her scented sweetness to renew,
And nods beneath a scorching sky,

And droops and falls, to fade and die,
So 'neath the skies of fervent heat
Her love had made, she longed to greet
Again the form, whose love would fill
Her parched soul with sweetness still.

One fragrant morning, fresh and mild,
The shepherd sought his wand'ring child.
When night her mystic shades spread o'er
The dewy land, she left his door,
And, 'neath the starry, summer sky
In anguish wandered forth to die.
When morning rose in robes of gold,
He found her lying, calm and cold,
With rippling waters flowing o'er
A heart that ne'er would suffer more.
The lilies, bending o'er her brow,
Seemed blushing for the shame she knew,
And sought to hide beneath their glow,
That brow and breast of spotless snow.

O, pity him who mourns above
The silent form in hopeless love !
Lament for virtue, white and sweet,
Downtrodden 'neath unholy feet.
And weep for innocence beguiled ;
For Myrtle Moore, the shepherd's child.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

One golden memory

My soul has sweetly cherished ;
A scene of ecstasy.

A phantom hope, that perished
With youth and love, for they are flown ;
But hidden in my heart alone
It shall be ever nourished.

A blissful eve in June,

With fragrant breezes blowing ;
A hazy, mellow moon
Thro' white clouds softly glowing ;
The roses with their crimson gleam,
The music of a murm'ring stream,
So sweetly, softly flowing.

And then, a face so fair

That all the silv'ry splendor
Of earth seemed resting there ;
With blue eyes, soft and tender,
And sunny curls. It seemed to one
That all the light of heaven shone
Around that form, so slender.

Soft whisperings of love,

Two hearts in rapture quiver ;
A glimpse of realms above ;
'Tis gone ! returning never.
O, fragrant June with roses rare,
O, hopeful youth with fancies fair,
Thou art no more forever.

THE MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

There's a mellow strain of music ever sounding in my
soul,
Like a solemn admonition; never ending
While the chariots of life along their mystic courses roll;
Tones of wrath and tones of rapture, ever blending
Into chords of tender melody that melt resistance
through,
With their wild, relentless passion, naught has power to
subdue.

Ever sounding, never silent; thro' the darkness, thro'
the day
Is that weird and dulcet warning ever ringing.
And my helpless soul surrenders to it's stern, resistless
sway,
As when sirens songs of wildest love are singing.
Hopeless, helpless as the pebbles where the highest bil-
lows roll;
For my languid life keeps measure to the music in my
soul.

In my life's enraptured morning 'twas a merry, tender
tone,
Like the tinkle of a tiny streamlet, flowing
Through a little grassy hollow, where the glistening
pebbles shone;
And the carol-burdened breezes softly blowing.
And their merry music blended in an air of sweetest joy,
While my careless life responded, void of reason to an-
noy.

Seasons passed; and lo, the melody was filled with
mournful tones;
As the autumn winds that thro' the night are screaming,
While the naked branches shudder at the melancholy
moans,
Like the sound of long-departed voices seeming.
Shrieking through the trembling shutters; rushing
round the rattling pane;
And it's mournful notes were mingled in a musical re-
frain.

Then I followed, sad and lonely, where the mystic music
led,
Till I lingered by a loving form, reclining
Pale and calm, in shroud and coffin, while the crowd
with silent tread,
Passed and paused to view the silver tresses, shining
O'er the brow so deeply furrowed by the tender hand of
time;
And the music! Oh, the music! How it swelled with
mournful chime!

Long those notes of sadness sounded, while I wandered
weak and lone,
'Thro' the deepest gloom my rugged path surrounding.
Then the music softly melted till it struck a milder tone
And dispelled the gloom before it's soft resounding.
Only for a transient season swelled that calm and sooth-
ing chord;
Only for a transient season was my peaceful life restored.

Then there rose a strain within me like a mighty sound
subdued;
As the rushing of a wild and rapid river;
And the echo of the thunder, and the tempest in the
wood,
And the waves that make their rocky towers quiver,

All were mingled in the melody within my trembling
soul,
And it yielded, weak and helpless, to its truculent con-
trol.

And it bore me, vainly striving, into passions vile abode,
As a bough is borne upon the ocean's billow.
And it held me with the shameless, and it drew me in
the road
Of the cursed, with its notes subdued and mellow.
Long it led me through the mire of a dark and deathless
shame,
And I fell and wallowed hopeless, till the chord of rap-
ture came.

How I harkened when it melted to that soft and sooth-
ing strain,
Low and sweet as when the cherubim are singing !
How I harkened when it blended in that mystical re-
frain,
With the rarest notes of rapture wildly ringing,
As the golden harp of nature full of garnered sweetness
rings,
When the softness winds of summer gently sweep the
chorded strings.

Eagerly I rose and followed, all forgetful of my shame,
And my soul was bathed in such a golden splendor,
That I sought in joy and wonder for the source of that
bright flame ;
As the music led where heaven could not hinder.
Lo, I found it in a countenance as fair as falling snow,
Whose soft eyes outshone the azure of the heavens with
their glow.

Oh, the wildly sweet delirium that thrilled me through
and through,
As those lustrous orbs with fervent love o'er flowing,
Looked so timidly and tenderly from limpid depths of
blue,
Into eyes with fires of love immortal glowing.
Oh, the fervor of our passions ! Oh, the rapture wild
and rare,
As closer drew our souls, responsive to that soft and
mystic air.

Nearer, nearer drew our spirits ; ever softer rose the
strain,
While our hearts with joy unfathom'ble were swelling.
Richer, sweeter grew our rapture, till our souls could
scarce contain
The delirium of love within them dwelling.
And I wondered if the glowing forms before the golden
throne,
E'en the briefest taste of happiness, like ours, had ever
known.

As when one, oblivious of life, doth roam the realm of
dreams,
Thro' transcendent scenes his wondering way pursuing ;
And it's splendor to his sight, each moment more efful-
gent seems,
Till with swelling heart, transported with his viewing,
Slow he nears the crowning scene, where lies supremacy
of bliss,
To a magic strain of music full of love and tenderness,

So we neared the height of rapture as our spirits closer
drew,
And the softened strain our ardent souls had followed,

Melted now to golden tinklings ; and our joy burst forth
anew

At the sound of marriage bells so sweetly mellowed.

Softer, milder every moment beamed her eyes of melting
light.

More alluring grew her spotless charms upon my dazzled
sight.

Nearer drew that bliss of blisses, when my burning soul
should blend

Into hers, whose whiteness shamed the light of morn-
ing.

And the music of the marriage-bells, ah, who could com-
prehend

All it's sweetness ! till there came a note of warning.

Low and softly in my soul did that first warning note
resound,

Low and faint, but Gods immortal ! how I shuddered at
the sound !

How I trembled ! while my quaking soul grew weak
with hopeless dread,

As the golden tinklings, from my bosom welling,

Fainter grew and ever fainter, till my spirit heard in-
stead,

But that awful sound relentless, slowly swelling.

And it's power and it's passion, earth and hell had not
withstood,

For once more my soul was trembling with those mighty
sounds subdued.

How I strove ! Gods, how I struggled, as the music's
ruthless will,

Slowly drew me from the form so fair and tender !

Rending, tearing, from her soul so white, my striving
soul, until

It had yielded, knowing naught it's sway could hinder.

Oh, the looks of pleading tenderness within those orbs
of light,
As with bleeding soul I followed to the darkest depths of
night.

And the hands that wildly beckoned, as the snowy
bosom swelled
With an awful anguish, hopeless and despairing ;
And the lips that mutely quivered ; all their speech of
music quelled ;
With the pleading eyes, appealing and imploring,
Sought in vain to hold and hinder from it's dark and
hellish goal,
For my languid life kept measure to the music in my
soul.

In the night of shame it held me darkly hidden from her
view,
All the ragings of my feeble will defying,
Till it drew me with a tuneful air of soul-destroying woe,
Like the mourning pines to summer breezes sighing,
Once again to view her form, but oh, how silent did it
seem !
Pale and silent ; pale and silent ; 'neath a flowing, crys-
tal stream.

Oh, that mystic strain of music, with its stern, remorse-
less swell !
Leading where my life must follow, never ceasing ;
Through the fairest realms of heaven to the darkest
depths of hell,
While I strive in vain to rend it's bonds oppressing,
Still is sounding, sweetly sounding with a tyrannous con-
trol ;
And my hopeless life keeps measure to the music in my
soul.

MY LITTLE ONE.

They have taken my little one,
And left me in tears alone.
 The wild winds blow
 The silvery snow,
And mutter and shriek and moan.
And my soul replies with its bitter sighs
 For the little one that's gone.

In a little white hearse to-day,
They carried my babe away.
 And my soul bled so
 As they laid it low
In the damp and dismal clay.
It was so fair, but I left it there,
 And my stricken heart, to stay.

My little one's cold to-night,
Out under the snow so bright.
 That tender brow
 Is frozen now,
And the little hands, soft and white.
And its head of gold is cold, so cold,
 Under the snow to-night.

The night is so drear and lone,
And the light of my day is gone.
 The wild winds blow
 The glistening snow,
And their sighs blend with my own.
And my soul will wait all desolate,
 To follow my little one.

A MYSTIC STRAIN.

The lights were shedding a luster o'er
The radiant, careless throng,
And the merry sound of the music, round
Was echoing clear and strong.
And hearts were light as a lark's that night,
When it warbles its summer song.

Many a time had I listened there
To the music, that softly fell,
And many a time I had heard the air
Of the tunes I loved so well,
And listened, in vain, for a lost, sweet strain
That ne'er on my ear would swell.

But that glad night as I sat and yearned
A long lost form to greet,
I heard the strain of that old song plain ;
So mellow and sad and sweet,
And it came so low and it thrilled me so,
That my heart nigh ceased to beat.

For it carried me back with the speed of light
To a room, with a snowy bed,
To see on the pillow a face so white,
And a beautiful golden head.
And near it a form, all soft and warm,
That was so little and red.

And then, as I stood in that silent room
With the one that was lying there,
My mind rushed back through the years of gloom,
To scenes that were sweet and fair ;
When her heart was light who was dying to-night,
And pure as our love was rare.

And the one sweet song that she used to sing ;
 How it swelled like a silver chime !
And her voice, so mellow and rich would ring,
 As she sang in the olden time ;
And the winds would moan when her song was done,
 And sigh to the fragrant lime.

And I loved her ; oh, there was never a love
 So happy and sweet as mine.
And I would have sworn no soul above
 More white than her soul could shine,
And our hearts were light, and our lives were bright
 With a joy that seemed divine.

But there came a morning when I must leave
 My love for a season drear,
And oh, how sadly our souls did grieve !
 And dark did the day appear.
And heaven, it seemed, no longer gleamed
 With a blessed smile to cheer.

But the kiss of her lips so soft and warm,
 With her cheek pressed to my own,
All wet with tears, and the fluttering form ;
 The white arms round me thrown,
And that song so low, as I turned to go,
 Were sweeter that earth had known.

But who could tell ere the year had gone,
 That tidings would come, too true,
That she had fallen ; my beautiful one,
 I had thought as pure as snow.
And my heart, once glad, was heavy and sad
 With anguish and endless woe.

The days dragged on, and my soul was wild
With sorrow's relentless sway,
As I thought of the one who was undefiled
When I left her alone that day.
Then there came the strain of that song again,
And I could not stay away.

I found her there on her couch, all cold
And pale as the snowy sheet.
In her eyes no light ; and her breast, so white,
Forever had ceased to beat.
And the babe that was born that desolate morn,
Cried low, with a pitiful bleat.

I clasped her close as in days long gone,
And I kissed her lips, so chill,
But just as I pressed her bare, cold breast
There came to my soul a thrill,
And I heard that strain ; and it told me plain
That her soul was spotless still.

And scorning the little one lying there,
And all that the people told,
I could have sworn, since I left that morn
Her soul had been pure as gold ;
With never a blight, it was still as white
As it was in the days of old.

And why it was I could never explain ;
Only this thing I knew,
That heaven whispered in that low strain,
She was pure as the morning dew.
Whispered it low, and I could but know
That message from heaven was true.

And whenever the sound of music falls
On my eager, harkening ear,
I listen still for a strain to swell,
That my heart so longs to hear ;
To whisper low, as the sweet sounds flow,
That her soul was pure and clear.

WHEN LOVE SHONE IN.

My soul was dim with shades of night,
Ere love was known.
And heaven's glories and her light
Full darkly shone.
It heard no music in the breeze,
Nor saw in vales nor verdant trees,
Nor earth nor heaven, aught to please,
Ere love was known.

My soul was filled with luster rare
When love shone in.
Hope, love and heaven, now so fair,
Seemed all akin.
Then radiant earth's glories grew,
And heaven's splendors nearer drew ;
And fair life's pathway was to view,
When love shone in.

A MONUMENT.

I ask not, when on earth I'm seen no more,
The dark tomb hiding from all men my face,
A costly pillar, proudly tow'ring o'er,
To mark my resting piace.

I do not ask that mighty men may say,
As passing hastily they read the name
Above this form, that's mould'ring fast away,
"He won great worldly fame."

The honors that I crave when I am gone,
Are, that some lowly one may sadly say,
"When I was wand'ring wearily alone,
He helped me on my way."

A tear of gratitude is what I crave,
To fall upon the clover or the snow
Above me, and sad voices by my grave
To say, "We love him so !"

A marble slab, placed there by loving hands ;
One whose white surface will the words display,
While silently above my grave it stands,
"He helped us on our way."

THE POND-LILY.

O, beautiful lily, in splendor arrayed,
As fair as the light of the morning,
Still blooming in triumph in sunshine or shade,
And all the dark waters adorning,

Thy petals are bright as the rays of the light
Which down by the waters are stealing,
And shining upon thee, so spotless and white,
Thy charms and thy beauty revealing.

Though growing in places so drear and so dark,
With foulness around thee appearing,
Thou art free from impurities ever ; no spark
From the fires of foulness, adhering.

O, sweet is thy perfume by calm zephyrs caught
And borne to give joy to the weary ;
Thou art fragrant alway in the night or the day,
When the summer is lightsome or dreary.

Oh, could I but live as the lily, so pure,
And in my life's earnest endeavor,
The scorn and the scoffs of the evil endure,
And yet keep my soul spotless ever.

And when in dark places of sin and despair,
Could I, while on earth I'm sojourning,
Keep the sparks which impart sin and grief to my heart,
Out of fires of foulness, from burning.

Could I shed the sweet perfume of love thro' the world,
Keeping ever my Master before me,
And my soul free from blight, as the lily, so white,
With the light of his countenance o'er me.

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